

GHOST TRACKERS NEWSLETTER

The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society



VOLUME 18



NUMBER 2

JUNE 1999

Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Ghost Trackers Newsletter is the official paranormal publication of the Ghost Research Society. The GRS was founded in 1978 by Martin V. Riccardo and this publication soon followed in September of 1982. It is published and edited by Dale D. Kaczmarek, President and is put out in February, June and October.

The **Ghost Research Society** is a membership organization devoted to collecting, analyzing and researching all forms of the paranormal with an emphasis on ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. Different memberships are available for those wishing to become more actively involved. We are also looking for officers, State Coordinators, Field Investigators and Area Research Directors for various states and countries.

Regular memberships are \$20.00 per year and include three issues of the Ghost Trackers Newsletter, GRS button, membership card, discounts to GRS sponsored events and tours, FREE photo analysis service and discounts on new and used books with FREE finder service available. Send wants! **Sustaining Memberships** are \$25.00 and include the above and the opportunity of helping with ghost research and attending field excursions (Midwest members only and subject to interview) at least twice a year. **Contributing Memberships** are \$30.00 and besides the above receive a free newspaper clipping service for your particular state (or country) sent on an irregular basis with your subscription. Multi-year, Patron and Lifetime Memberships are also available. If interested in those, please request further information.

Back issues of most newsletters are available for \$5.00 per issue or any three for \$13.00 for members only. Cost for non-members is \$6.00 per issue or any three for \$16.00. Non-members must also include postal charges as follows: \$1.00 for the first issue ordered and \$.75 for each additional issue. All back issues are shipped via first-class mail. Write for FREE back issue list!

The GRS is always on the lookout for photographs, newspaper clippings, articles, personal encounters or simply interesting anecdotes for publication. You will always receive full credit for anything published and that issue free of charge. All articles and stories become the property of the GRS and cannot be reprinted without written permission from the editor and author of the article. Those wishing to have articles, photographs, etc. returned must include a SASE with proper postage. All articles published are copyrighted!

Current Chain of Command

Dale D. Kaczmarek President & Editor

Tom Perrott Area Research Dir.

Tom Perrott

Maurice Schwalm

Regular

Columnists



Richard Senate

Send all inquiries and subscriptions to: **Ghost Research Society**, c/o Dale D. Kaczmarek, PO Box 205, Oak Lawn, IL. 60454-0205 or call (708)425-5163, (708)425-3969 FAX. Make all checks and money orders payable to Dale Kaczmarek. VISA and Mastercard also accepted. E-mail: dkaczmarek@ibm.net

Official GRS Website: www.ghostresearch.org.

Editors page:



I hope that everyone's enjoying the nice summer weather! I know that when summer comes around it means vacation and, for me, research trips to various states. As of this writing, I will finally be meeting with my New Jersey State Coordinator, Randy Liebeck. He will be taking my wife and I around the Garden State to visit some of the most haunted locations in New Jersey. I will write about this trip in the next newsletter.

I wish to thank the following people for their contributions: Tom Perrott for the book "*Hauntings*", George Steitz for his videotape "*Haunted Lighthouses*", Ellen Robson for her new book "*Haunted Highway: Ghosts of Route 66*", John Cachel for his excellent map of Mount Thabor Cemetery in Crystal Lake, Illinois and some ghostly photographs he sent me, Randy Miller for the ghost photographs, Bill Lee from AlphaLabs for the Air Ion Detector and Stan Suho for the newspaper clippings.

While we're on the subject of Suho, he's been hard at work updating a new computer monitoring system with other new devices. The tentative name of this system is: GEIST (Geophysically Equipped Instrument of Scientific Testing). The system can monitor an area or series of rooms with humans being present. Currently we have devices adapted to GEIST for radiation, negative ions, electromagnetic fields and will be adding additional devices for smell, infrared and ultraviolet light detection.

Starting in July/August, I will become a partner in the AAA-Chicago

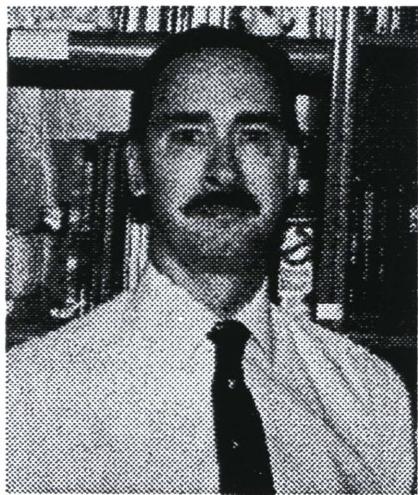
Motor Club discount program offering rate discounts for *Excursions Into The Unknown* tours to current AAA members. The magazine *Home and Away*, the official publication of the AAA, will feature my tours in their September/October edition but will first debut in the July/August edition. Watch for it!

Have you signed up yet for the upcoming AGS (American Ghost Society) Ghost Hunters Conference being held in Alton, Illinois? If not, please do so immediately as, director, Troy Taylor says it's going to be a full house this year. I will be giving two lectures: one on a ongoing haunted house investigation and another on ghost lights. Other nationally-known speakers include: Dennis William Hauck (California State Coordinator for the GRS), Loren Coleman, Mark Merrimen, Stephen Walker, and Troy Taylor. You can call for tickets at: 1-888-GHOSTLY or visit his website at: www.prairieghosts.com.

There are many after hours events such as ghost tours that are also filling up rapidly, so order your tickets today or yesterday, if you have a time machine handy.



Ghost Research Society



I would like to welcome Nancy Arnold as a new Patron Member, Ellen Robson as a Contributing Member and both Bob Aminoff and Kimberly Penkava as Sustaining Members. Since our last newsletter we have added five new members and received renewals from thirteen veteran members.

The GRS is currently involved with two other television productions. An independent film crew, Michael Hoff Productions, is putting together the final arrangements for it's study of the GRS at an actual haunted house in the northside of Chicago. They will be selling the finished project to the Discovery Channel which hopefully will do a better job than the last one I appeared in.

The *Phantom Photos* segment for the Discovery Channel shown in May 1999 was well put together and shot but lacked overall appeal due to the fact that I never got the chance to debunk the 'so-called' debunkers from Kodak. Besides that, I was somewhat pleased with the final production.

This new shooting will focus on members of the GRS as we actually set up our high-tech equipment at a know haunted

house that has already seen it's share of ghostly orbs and floating objects captured with the aid of a Sony nightvision camera. That will be the focus of one of my lectures at the AGS Conference in July.

The second production is being put together by Daniel Noah and Christina Varotsis. They have interviewed a number of other experts in the Midwest and have decided to focus their attention on myself and the GRS. They will be tagging along on various investigations and outings and hopefully will be able to sell the finished project to either PBS or cable tv.

We have also been hard at work at yet another haunted house in Markham, Illinois which promises to be fruitful as we have already captured multiple moving images on state-of-the-art nightvision cameras in various rooms.

I may be able to incorporate some of more interesting images into my first lecture and perhaps demonstrate GEIST to the audience as well.

The second lecture on *The Enigma of Ghostlights* will focus on my investigations and research into 'so-called' spooklights that I have pursued around the country. I will also have some videotape and many slides illustrating some of these locations and tell which are still active. Some have actually been debunked by the GRS!

The GRS has recently purchased some Cobra two-way radios which are very instrumental in maintaining contact with other GRS members during investigations and outings. They were purchased for about \$79 for a pair and the range is approximately two miles under ideal conditions.

Florida's Phantom Ships and Pirate Ghosts

Lee Holloway

The Phantom ship of Tampa Bay

It was just after sundown and there was no moon visible in the evening sky. Wilmer Parks of Tallahassee had been invited by some business associates to join them in a night cruise around Tampa Bay. After meandering about taking in the magnificent Tampa Bay-St. Petersburg skyline, the pleasure boat anchored near the mouth of the Manatee River. Refreshments were served at the stern and the group ate, drank and discussed business.

As the night wore on, Parks walked to the bow and stood there alone in the dark, slightly hazy night. Suddenly, there appeared out of nowhere, an old-fashioned ship under full sail. Later, he described the vessel as looking somewhat "like drawings of old Spanish galleons." Parks claimed the vessel simply materialized 30 to 50 yards away and quickly moved westward with its sails billowing even though there was no wind. As the unearthly ship sailed away, he caught the sounds of a plaintive melody played on what "sounded like a harp or violin."

A woman coming toward the bow also heard the music. As she approached, she noticed Parks looked as though he had just seen a ghost and when he explained what had happened, she told him there was a legend of a spook ship in the area.

This particular sighting of the phantom ship of Tampa Bay occurred in May of 1984 and Wilmer Parks died of a sudden heart attack a few months later.

Parks' aunt, Margaret Barrett, is convinced the ghost ship was a premonition of death. "From the time it happened until he died," she claims, "he would talk about it. It affected him. I've always been told things like that were some kind of warning and I think Wilmer believed that, too. I do know he had everything in order when he died."

The spectral vessel has been seen in Tampa Bay for many years and is said to be another wraith left behind by Jose Gaspar, a notorious pirate known during his lifetime as the "Terror of the Gulf." (It was Gaspar who killed the young woman whose headless spirit haunts the area near Port Boca Grande Lighthouse.)

Sometime around 1800, during the month of May, Gaspar and his band of cutthroats boarded a Spanish ship in Tampa Bay. They immediately butchered the crew and soon the streams of red running down the sides of the wooden vessel rivaled those of the setting sun. With all the men on deck dead or dying, the band of pillagers swarmed into the hull of the ship in search of loot.

When Gaspar kicked open the first stateroom door, he discovered a young Spanish lady in a white dress with a white mantilla covering her raven tresses, clutching a violin to her breast. She had heard stories of pirates and knew she faced death- - or worse- - nevertheless, she stood with the bearing of a princess, facing the intruders. Two of the marauders moved toward the woman, but were stopped cold in their tracks as Gaspar bellowed, "The first man who touches her will die by my hand!" The men

backed out of the room and proceeded to raid the remainder of the ship. Gaspar stayed behind.

Finally, the brutal pirate offered the lady his hand and escorted her onto the deck above. Mercifully, darkness had fallen and she was not forced to look upon the corpses of the murdered crew. Gaspar placed the violin in the loverly senorita's hand and bid her to play. She raised the instrument and a mournful tune wafted across the bay as the bloody buccaneer and his men, with loot in hand, jumped over the side of the vessel into their dinghies. A sudden wind blew in from the east and the ship, with its sole occupant, glided swiftly into the blackness of the night.

Ever since, sometimes on dark, moonless nights during the month of May, when not a sound disrupts the stillness of Tampa Bay, one can still hear the melancholy strains of a phantom melody played by the Spanish princess as she drifts out to sea and into oblivion. And on occasion, people have glimpsed the ship itself moving westward under full sail even though there is no discernible breeze.



The headless pirate of Seahorse Key

A pirate ghost is one of the spirits haunting Seahorse Key, a tiny island lying about three miles west-southwest of Cedar Key. Legend has it that in the early 1800s, a

pirate by the name of Pierre LeBlanc was left on the island by his crew to guard the treasure of their leader, Jean LaFitte. LeBlanc rode the perimeter of the island at regular intervals astride a beautiful palomino horse, a present from his leader.

One day a hunter landed on Seahorse Key to trap rattlesnakes. Their skins were used to make belts, shoes and purses and brought a good price on the mainland.

LeBlanc and the snake hunter became friendly and one night, the visitor plied the pirate with more than the usual amount of rum while drinking little himself. When it came time for LeBlanc to make his rounds, the intoxicated pirate failed to notice he was being followed. He paid particular attention to a certain spot and the snake hunter deduced this was the site of the buried treasure and as soon as LeBlanc left, he began digging.

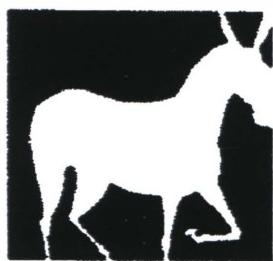


A few hours later, LeBlanc made his rounds again and discovered his so-called friend helping himself to LaFitte's jewels. The pirate unsheathed his saber, shouted at the snake hunter and attacked. However, he was still somewhat inebriated and the other man was able to wrest the cutlass from his hand. With one fell swoop, the snake hunter beheaded the pirate, filled a burlap sack with treasure and fled in his boat.

A lighthouse was constructed on Seahorse Key in 1854 and various keepers and their families, as well as visitors, were

often frightened by what they described as a golden horse with a headless rider. One witness claimed to have encountered the phantom on a night so dark he could not see his hand before him, yet the headless horseman and his mount "shined like foxfire."

Another spirit haunting Seahorse Key is a young woman who materializes as a white mule.



According to local folklore, a young Cedar Key woman, whose prize possession was a white mule, married a good-for-nothing sailor. Soon after the wedding, the mule mysteriously died. People say the scoundrel killed it.

The sailor took his bride to sea, but soon tired of her and threw her overboard near Seahorse Key. Her body washed up on the island and since that time, a phantom white mule has been seen near the spot where the lady's corpse was discovered in the surf.

Seahorse Key Light was decommissioned in 1915 and the lighthouse building is now utilized by the University of Florida's marine biology research department. The island is also a national wildlife sanctuary and home to more than a thousand endangered brown pelicans.

Mayport's ghost ship

On the other side of Florida in the northeastern part of the state lies the tiny fishing village of Mayport and Mayport Naval Station. In this area, there have been several reports of a phantom ship which

some have described as a three-masted schooner. The first recorded sighting was in the 1920s when two fishermen on the St. Johns River saw the ship early one foggy morning. Since then, the vessel has been most often seen by naval personnel. The ship has not been identified, however, there have been numerous shipwrecks in the area and it could be any one of dozens.

"The 1735 House"

A little farther up the coast from Mayport is the quaint city of Fernandina Beach, once a haven for pirates. The 1735 House sits amid a proliferation of sea oats on a white, sandy beach facing the grey waters of the mighty Atlantic. It was in "1735" that James Oglethorpe arrived on the island and named it "Amelia" in honor of the daughter of King George II. The inn, although relatively new - it was built in the 1920s - is said to be haunted by one of the pirates associated with Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard, who may have buried treasure on the beach. Former owners, Tim and Marsha Stowers, publicized the fact their inn was haunted by a "harmless spirit" and welcomed those with an interest in the paranormal.

In addition to the rooms in the weathered wooden house, there is a detached suite constructed in the shape of a stubby little lighthouse (depicted in photograph on front cover) which sleeps four and features a galley-style kitchen. It was in the lighthouse suite that Jacksonville beautician Michelle Bracken encountered a spirit which she felt was anything but "harmless".

"Jack and I got married in March of 1993, but we couldn't take a honeymoon at that time, so we decided to spend a week in

the mountains (of North Carolina) that August. I had passed the lighthouse several times going to and from Fernandina and thought it would be fun to stay there, so we decided to spend two nights at The 1735 House before driving on to North Carolina."

Mrs. Bracken does not claim to be psychic, but says as soon as they entered the lighthouse, she "got some weird vibes". However, she didn't say anything to her husband, and after unpacking, they went into Fernandina for dinner.

"We got back, oh, around 10:00 or 10:30," she recalls, "and I went in the bathroom and was standing there at the sink. I was looking in the mirror when I saw a man standing behind me. It was only for like a second or two, but I saw him. He wasn't quite as tall as me and I'm 5'6", so he wasn't very tall for a man. He had on a green coat, sort of like a jade green, or maybe turquoise -- a funny color for a guy -- and he had dark hair almost to his shoulders, and was wearing a black hat."

Mrs. Bracken shudders remembering the incident. "It just about scared me to death. I screamed bloody murder and Jack came running. He thought I'd seen a spider. I'm scared to death of spiders. I was shaking all over and had my back to the door when Jack came running in and when he opened the door, the knob hit me in the hip and I had a big, black bruise for two weeks!"

Mrs. Bracken was so shaken by the experience she became "almost hysterical" and told her husband there was no way she was spending the night there. "Jack said he would go to the office and get another room while I packed, but I said I wasn't staying in there by myself so I went with him and they moved us to a room in the house."

Later, Mrs. Bracken says she thought the owners knew the place was haunted and

others had probably encountered the ghost of the voyeuristic pirate. "They didn't give us any hassle at all about moving," she contends. "It seemed like it was something they had done before, so I think they knew there was something weird going on in that lighthouse."

Black Caesar's children

The Florida Keys, some 700 miles south of Amelia Island, were also once the habitat of pirates. One of the most notorious was a huge Moor (Spanish muslim) called Black Caesar, also a Blackbeard associate.

Black Caesar's Rock is a small island in the keys on which the ruthless giant kept prisoners, primarily women and children. When his operations came to the attention of the authorities, fearing capture, the wily buccaneer moved his activities to another location, leaving his helpless captives to starve. However, a few survived and developed into wild animal-like creatures who communicated in a language known only to themselves.

The Seminole Indians avoided the island, believing it was haunted by savage, demonic beings and to this day, boaters who anchor near Black Caesar's Rock report hearing disembodied voices speaking in strange tongues. It is said the sounds are the ghosts of Black Caesar's children.

Haunts of Indian Key

Indian Key, an 11-acre island, founded by wrecker John Housman, was once the home of more than 60 people and boasted wharves, warehouses, a hotel, a post office and even a bowling alley. Housman initially made his money from the spoils of ships which often wrecked on nearby coral

reefs, but then he became greedy and attempted to negotiate a deal with the government to hunt and kill Seminole Indians at a bounty of \$200-a-head.

On August 7, 1840, every house and building, save one, on the island was burned presumably by Indians. The post office, which prominently displayed a Masonic apron, was spared. Indians would not have been deterred by Masonic symbols, so maybe someone else burned Housman's Island. The answer will never be known.

Today, the deserted island is known as the Indian Key Historical Site and provides a wonderful experience for those interested in pirates and shipwrecks. Visitors approaching the deserted isle near sundown, or on overcast days, have reported seeing numerous buildings—enough for a small village—on the island, yet, upon arrival, no such structures are evident. Perhaps this is a time-warp apparition and they are seeing the island as it appeared more than a hundred years ago.

A phantom ship, said to be a harbinger of bad weather, has been sighted to the south of Indian Key. It is believed to be the *San Pedro* which sank in July, 1773, approximately 1.3 miles south of the little island. Of interest, the *San Pedro* was one of a convoy of 21 or 22 ships which departed Havana Harbor on *Friday, July 13*. The entire fleet sank, or foundered on nearby islands, after being overtaken by a hurricane in the Florida Straits.

Spectral cruise ship

Since the early 1980s, fishermen and boaters from Daytona Beach to Key West have reported catching sight of a modern cruise ship which they claim simply disappears into thin air. The vessel is only

seen at night and has been described as a very large vessel of several decks, "all lit up."

One of the better documented encounters was reported by Bill Prosser while aboard the research vessel *Undersea Hunter*. He espied a "glowing illumination" off the starboard bow which he claims momentarily blinded him. "It looked like a huge resort hotel of several levels running a parallel course with the *Undersea Hunter*. As Prosser frantically turned the wheel to avoid a collision with the mighty vessel, "it moved 45 degrees in a matter of seconds" and disappeared. Prosser admits it was a very frightening experience.

Thus far, the phantom cruise ship has not been identified because there is no record of any such vessel having sunk off the Florida coast. Perhaps it, too, is simply the result of a time-warp—a ship that sails in another dimension and only occasionally crosses some mysterious barrier becoming momentarily visible to those sailing off Florida's Atlantic shore.

Submitted by GRS member: Lee Holloway, 2260 N. University Blvd., #44, Jacksonville, FL. 32211-3240.



THE HEADLESS RIDERS

Richard Senate



The story of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow is a classic of American Literature comparable to Dicken's *A Christmas Carol*. Every Halloween versions of this timeless tale are

paraded on several television stations. The story with its rich characters and thrilling chase is one that never fails to excite children. In the story it is implied that the 'ghost' of the headless horseman is really a rival seeking to frighten away the superstitious schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane. But, few viewers realize that the story is based upon real 19th Century encounters with mounted and headless specters! The folklore of the United States is filled with stories of headless riders, both male and female. Every state in the Union has at least one tale of a headless rider. With the large number of headless horse people around it shouldn't be too surprising that several accounts are found in Ventura County.

One of the more enduring stories is found at Oak Park where several local families still tell of encountering a ghostly horseman late at night on the road between Moorpark and Simi Valley. One member recalls one experience in the late 1920s: "As I remember it we had just reached the Stratton Crossing when we saw him..." Mr. M. states, "He was dressed all in black.

And..ah..he had a big black horse and no head. He was right in the middle of the road, you just couldn't pass. He would ride right out in front of you waving his hand...there was a moon out. We all saw it and he didn't have a head."

After several terrifying moments the strange apparition just vanished away. Twelve years later another would see the black rider on a rainsoaked night. Mr. O. was driving his pickup truck down that same road going toward Simi Valley when, off to his right, the dark horseman appeared. At first the driver cursed, thinking that it was 'some drunk on a horse late at night'. The driver pulled over into the other lane and passed the mysterious figure. Even though it was raining, and it was nighttime, the driver recalls seeing the rider coming right after him. It was as he watched the figure in the rear view mirror that he first noticed that the mounted figure didn't have a head! "I just pushed on the gas and drove like a bat out of hell," he recalls now. After that awful night the man never drove that road again at night.

Headless riders have been seen in other sections of the county. On Orcutt Road in the Fall months of 1957 a Mr. G. was driving along when he saw what he called, "The damnedest thing I ever saw." It was a dark horse with a headless figure mounted on a fancy, silver trimmed saddle. The figure was just standing there, "Like it was just waiting for me to drive by." Then the thing started to ride after him at almost "forty miles an hour." After two or three miles the apparition vanished into the

darkness.

Perhaps the most frightening story can be found on Creek Road, near Ojai. Here legend holds that a headless specter rides once a month, seeking the people who cut off his head over a century ago. This accursed figure is mounted on a huge black horse, said to be Satan's own Saddle Beast, that snorts fire and brimstone. This rider is, according to the storytellers, armed with a gleaming rope that has the ability to pull the soul out of a living body to transport the unhappy soul to the infernal regions. Legends also state that only people who have committed a terrible sin will encounter this frightful creature.

Why do so many people see these remarkable phantoms in the night? In the Washington Irving story of the Headless Horseman it was said that the ghost was the restless spirit of a soldier who had lost his head to a cannon ball during one of the many battles of the Revolutionary War.

But, the history of Ventura County is free of such battles. What would cause such a bizarre apparition? Perhaps it is somehow linked to the way ghosts are materialized. Maybe they are just unable, at times, to fully make themselves visible—maybe they have heads only we cannot see them? Whatever the cause, the number of headless mounted figures indicates they are much more than simple stories told during the Halloween season.

If you have seen something mysterious on the highways of America, contact this column through this newsletter.

Submitted by: Richard Senate, Special Consultant to the GRS, 10061 Carlyle St., Ventura, CA. 93004.

Website:

<http://aim.tj/JAM/ghost/ghstglry.htm>
email: Ghostlamp@msn.com



Photographer at the Family Reunion

Barbara Huyser



Two and a half years ago, I changed jobs and moved from the Chicago area to Monmouth, a small town in western Illinois. To say that Monmouth is very different from Chicago is to say the least. I now live in a

community of 9,500 people in a county of 15,000. We have the basics, such as three grocery stores, assorted boutiques and shops around the town square, 6 gas stations, a few restaurants and plenty of fast food. We also have a wonderful metaphysical book store, an assortment of individuals who are interested in the paranormal, and plenty of local cemeteries.

One of the most important differences between Chicago and a small rural town is that the local cemeteries can be accessed at night, certainly the preferred time to look for ghosts. In Chicago, cemeteries typically have great big fences around them, including barbed wire at the top. The fences are there for good reason, given the disrespect that many people have shown towards unprotected cemeteries. Vandalism and desecration are not unusual in cemeteries in many cities.

Obviously, big fences present an impediment to being able to get into those cemeteries and conduct investigations.

Ghost researchers are often relegated to taking daylight photos or snapping evening photos from outside of a fence. There are also very real concerns about running into living human beings who might have bad intentions towards the perfectly innocent, but unfortunate ghost hunter who happens to cross their path. These issues are far less of a concern in rural areas. Cemeteries in the country usually have decorative fences rather than security fences and many are completely accessible at night. You don't have city lights to contend with that might reflect off of tombstones and leave you wondering what exactly is in the photo. There is also an advantage in that the people who have been laid to rest in these cemeteries are relatives of people who are alive and well and living in town. That is the case with one particular cemetery located in the country well outside of Monmouth.

One of the first friends I made when I moved to Monmouth was Karen Vance, the owner of a metaphysical bookstore called *By The Book*. Naturally, if you are an avid ghost researcher, looking for others who might have a similar interest, and there is no local branch of the *Ghost Research Society* around, a metaphysical bookstore seemed like a reasonable possibility for finding kindred spirits. Karen and I became fast friends and other regulars at the bookstore expressed an interest in learning about ghost research. In the summer of 1998, we visited a number of local cemeteries. The team

learned about using a thermal scanner for finding cold spots, various kinds of gauss meters for locating anomalous electromagnetic fields, and taking photos in those locations. In the course of the summer, we found paranormal activity taking place at three of the cemeteries we visited. My portfolio of paranormal photographs grew quite dramatically.

Karen Vance made a special request that we visit a particular cemetery where she had relatives buried going back to great great grandparents. This tiny rural cemetery holds the burial places of several branches of her family tree. There are no local legends about the cemetery being haunted. The first evening we went out was in July, 1998. It was clear, hot, and humid, and there were plenty of mosquitos out that night. The indelicate scent of a nearby hog farm wafted gently through the air. Karen, myself and another friend from the bookstore walked through the cemetery and took a number of photos that evening. We identified a few cold spots, but no anomalous electromagnetic fields. Karen really enjoyed the visit, giving us a full tour and explaining who different people were and how they were related to her and to each other. I used up a roll of film, an audio cassette tape, and got thoroughly bitten up in spite of using industrial strength mosquito repellent.

The results from the photographs were absolutely astonishing. Of the 25 photos that I took that evening, 10 had energy orbs in them! This is the highest success rate I had ever obtained in taking cemetery photos. The best photo of the evening, however, was one that I took of Karen. At one point during the evening, Karen called me over and showed me her father's grave. Cletus Vance died just a few years ago and was laid to rest in the place

where so many of his family members had been buried for well over a hundred years. Karen sat down on his tombstone and asked me to take a photo. I snapped the photo, we laughed, and moved onto the next thing. When I got the photos back, sure enough, in the photo where Karen is sitting on her father's tombstone, there is a nice bright energy orb right next to her!



This is a photo that Karen and her mother treasure. The photo has been blown up into 8x10 size and a copy is displayed in each of their homes. I consider it to be one of the most important photos in my collection, because it clearly shows so clearly that family lines are not broken down just because someone has left this physical plane. When I do public presentations on ghost research, this photo is always featured.

But the story doesn't end there.

Naturally, with such good results, we had to go back and see if we could get more photos with paranormal phenomenon in them. It was September before we were able to get back to the cemetery. In preparation for our return, Karen announced out loud several times that we were going back and invited her departed relatives to be there and pose for photos. When we got there, it was a chilly and clear night. The sky was so clear that the Milky Way could be seen across the

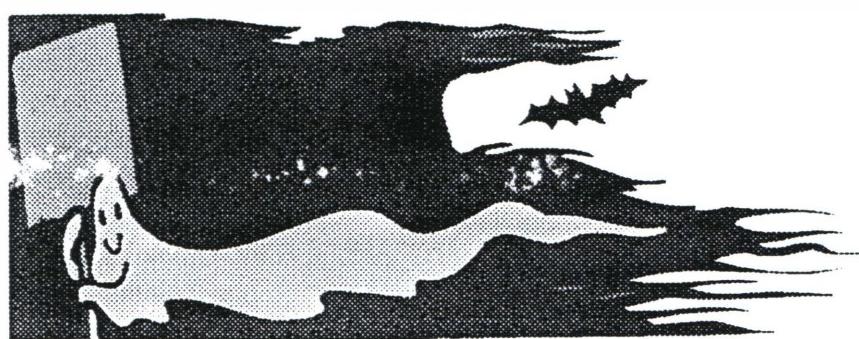
sky. Karen and I walked around the cemetery, talking out loud to her various relatives, inviting them to pose, and giving them a countdown so they could be ready for the photo. At the end of the evening, we expressed our thanks to any entities who might be present. Once again, when the film was developed, the results were amazing. Of 25 photos that were developed from the roll of film, 15 had energy orbs in them! Some photos had only a few, but others had as many as a dozen in them. I can only conclude that I was the guest photographer at the Vance family reunion!

This raised a very interesting question. Were the entities in the photos regulars who hang around the cemetery, or were they Friendly Visitors from Karen's family? To test this out, I decided to go back to the cemetery without Karen and without her knowledge that I was going. In October, I went back with a few other people from work who wanted to see how research was conducted. I had not told Karen that I had any intention of returning, because I didn't want to take the chance that Karen would consciously or unconsciously tell her departed relatives and have them waiting for me. The evening was chilly and quite damp, having rained the previous day. I was concerned that with the moisture in the air, I might get some photos of water droplets or mist that would appear to be

paranormal but would not actually be. As on the other trips, I used a roll of Kodak 800 Gold Max film, using my Canon Sure Shot camera. Of the 24 photos that were developed, only two had energy orbs in them. Two very anemic looking orbs that might have been nothing more than reflections off of water droplets. I could not have been more pleased with the results.

I believe that during those evenings in July and September, Karen's relatives showed up because Karen was there. They were there for her, not for me. When I went back to the cemetery without Karen, they didn't show up. Why should they? I was just the photographer at their family reunion! So, next time you wonder whether or not your relatives who have crossed over to the other side are listening when you talk to them, don't wonder too long. The events that happened in a small rural cemetery outside of Monmouth, Illinois stand as evidence that the people you care about and who care about you are able to hear and respond to your requests, even if they are in a form that you cannot see.

Submitted by: Barbara Huyser, GRS member, 519 N. Sunny Ln., Monmouth, IL. 61462.



GHOSSTLY SHORTS

The restoration of our old house progressed quite nicely until one of the workmen refused to come anymore. When he could be persuaded to tell us why, he said, "There is a man there and he bothers me. He walks up and down the stairs and then he goes through the rooms closing doors. And he stands behind me and watches over my shoulder while I work. I can even tell you what he looks like. He is tall—at least looking up at him, he's tall. He has a beard and wears a black suit and he gives me the creeps."

The workman was wheedled into continuing his employment with the condition that he work only daylight hours. But even in the cold, hard light of day he played the radio so loudly that the noise of power tools was overwhelmed. Futile was my attempt to tell him that his bearded overseer was only making sure that the work was being done well.

Another member of the construction crew heard voices. We had to let him go because we could not afford him: He spent so much time trying to hear the conversations that his work just sat and waited. (A pity—he was an excellent carpenter.)

And then there was our dog Gus. The day the furnace was repaired and turned on for the first time, we stayed overnight just in case something didn't function properly. Gus awakened us at 2:45 AM. We never knew he had so much hair: He bristled like a hedgehog. We watched him tiptoe to the door and enter the front hall. As he looked up the stairs, he began to growl. Now, Gus is the kind of dog who loves even the vet, but he growled and snarled as if all the

instincts of his collective ancestors were coming from his throat. He was not to be coaxed from that door until, in his own good time, he retreated, slinking, to a far corner of the room and blinked until dawn. I know because I watched.

Well, I was just about convinced that we had houseguests. So, despite the scoffing of skeptics, including my spouse, I sought the services of a psychic to do a reading on the house. Knowing nothing of our previous experiences, he described the same dark-suited, bearded man and identified him as a doctor who—the deeds confirmed—had lived in the house for nearly ten years more than a century ago.,

According to the psychic, the doctor had taken indecent liberties with a very young local girl, and the closing of doors which bothered the workman was a symbolic attempt to hide the crime. The psychic easily found the room in which my daughter refused to sleep. It was once occupied by a child, a girl of four or five years, who had been pushed down the stairs by her older sister. The little girl was severely crippled and very unhappy. Apparently, upon her death, she remained in the house, and it was her presence that unnerved our daughter (who, by the way, has yet to spend a night in that room).

We have been living in the house for two years and I love it more than ever. Yes, sometimes we hear footsteps and some rather startling thumps upstairs. Our former residents still "cook" from time to time, filling the rooms with delectable odors; pot roast, chocolate, and, quite often, coffee. The doctor has been seen twice, both times standing in the bathroom. Maybe I'll stay

here forever, just because I'm so happy here now. Maybe...my husband is walking through the dining room, a rather sheepish grin on his face. He says, "They are cooking bacon and eggs."

Name and address withheld by request.

It's been a while since we've heard from "Charles." Friends tell us it's because he's happy now that his home is restored to its former glory.

Charles fell backwards off the huge 11-foot retaining wall that holds up our 1892 Queen Anne. He was a prominent dentist and got quite a write-up in the local newspaper as he lingered for seven days. Dr. Charles O. Perkins "crossed over the river of death" on August 17, 1901.

We bought the house in 1976, and it was in a very sad state. It had five apartments and was on the border of being condemned. Charles soon made himself known. On a night when the house was empty of its tenants, he made a noisy debut. The kitchen stove legs rattled, the closet door opened and closed, the lights went on and off, his actual presence was felt in the room, and my husband Richard was cut off repeatedly as he frantically telephoned a friend. With all this commotion going on, Richard made a rapid exit.

The next day, at the suggestion of a friend, Richard read a *Reader's Digest* article about ghosts, especially poltergeist. He returned with renewed spirits and hoped to communicate with Charles. Charles was bit tamer after that. For a period of three years, we heard Charles literally bumping around the house. Occasionally, something would fly across the room. Throughout this time, neither Richard nor I felt fear; only

curiosity.

The only variance in bumps and bangs occurred one stormy night. I heard an intense conversation between a man and a woman going on outside my bedroom door. I couldn't make out any specific words, but I felt it was a serious matter they were discussing. When I went out into the hall, the talking stopped: when I went back into my bedroom, it started again. The conversation seemed to come from up high, under the skylight of our staircase. I repeatedly looked out and up in the hall and found nothing. Again, my main sensation was curiosity, not fear; I felt very safe.

As we have restored our Victorian-taking out the awful apartments, rewiring, roofing, plumbing, landscaping, scraping, painting, and wall-papering—Charles has disappeared into the woodwork. When friends ask us how he is, we say, "Fine," knowing that he probably is. His beautiful home, which he built so long ago, is a landmark in the town. We really miss him and hope to meet again—another time, another place.

Submitted by: J.C. of Petaluma, CA..



Reader's Encounters

Last year, one of my favorite cats, Rusty, was very ill and died. I cried and cried because he was my favorite cat and we had been close for over 18 years.

About one week after he died, I had a very strange dream. My mother, to whom I had also been close, died nine years ago. In this particular dream, my phone rang and I picked it up. My mother was calling me from the other side! Needless to say, I was thrilled to hear from her.

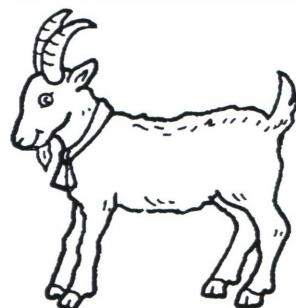
The message she gave me was short and simple. She said in a very clear voice, "Don't worry about Rusty – he is O.K. with me." My Mom sounded very happy to have Rusty with her – he was a very dear pet and now would be with my Mom.

When I woke up, I was very relieved to have received this special message from the other side. The dream's message was obvious to me and gave me some amount of comfort. In the weeks and months that pasted since that time, my pain lessened, but in my heart, I will always love and remember my dear feline friend, Rusty. And I will always be grateful that my mother was able to give me the "message from heaven."

Submitted by: Linda Haluska, GRS member from Willow Springs, Illinois.

My little black pet billy goat, "Trouble," was violently killed by dogs. I was quite distraught over his death having visited him daily at my family's ranch, during his lifetime. "Trouble" has a spot by one of the doors to the house, where he would go in bad weather. The place was covered and out of the wind. He often slept there on the door mat. I suppose that was his "safe place" like

a dog's bed. Within days of his death, upon passing by that location of the house, I saw the quick, faint, dark image of my "Trouble" standing in his spot. Perhaps it was my memory of his being there so many times that conjured an image of what used to be.



It is comforting for me to believe "Trouble" had come home. I suppose Heaven to an animal would be the home he knew where he was safe and loved. Perhaps in my mourning for him, he had come to say "good bye". One could also speculate due to the sudden nature of his death, that his spirit was unaware he was no longer living. I did not see "Trouble's" image again, although I longed to. Now, 7 years later, I sometimes feel his presence as I pass that location. It makes me smile. The joy of his life lives on in my memory.

I had a chocolate brown cat named "Mocha". He lived at the same ranch where "Trouble" lived. "Mocha" was the dearest pet to me I have ever had – and I've had many. I speak of him in the possessive. I did not own "Mocha". He chose me. Those are always the best cats. "Mocha" died suddenly. I found his body lying in a path he often walked in the yard. He seemed to have dropped in his steps. Perhaps he had a heart

attack. I mourned him desperately. On many occasions after his death, I have seen a dark image the size of a cat. Most often it is on the stairs inside the house. I saw him there many times when he was living. I rarely see his image head-on. I usually catch it out of the side of my eye and realize it after I have passed by. If I turn back to look, there is nothing there. I still feel great love for "Mocha". To feel his presence always makes me smile.

Submitted by: Debbie Davis from Austin, Texas.

Grandpapa

The large Jersey shore house was built in 1910 by my husbands grandfather. He was an unsuccessful artist who took a trip up the Erie Canal and when he returned to Bayhead, Grandpapa discovered his wife, Maria, had died in Mrs. Nimitz's oceanfront house. The time between 12 AM and 2 AM.

After Maria's death, Grandpapa locked himself in the house, seeing no one but family and friends. In this solitary life he played his flute, cello, did watercolors of the sand dunes and sailed his boat in the bay. One year later, he died in Bayhead between 12 AM and 2 AM.

Beulah, a cleaning woman; Sherman, a plumber; Mr. Spencer a maintenance man; a 16-year-old artist; my two children and dog have seen him.

I've had several encounter with Grandpapa. I am also an artist.

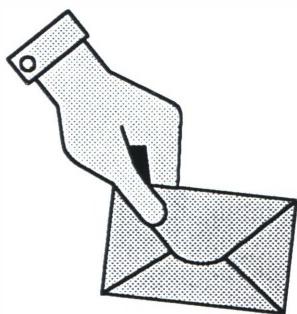
Name withheld by request.

I know you are a busy man, but I have a question to ask of you. I found your email address on your website and decided

to contact you. My name is Jennifer Morrell and I am an undergrad at UC Berkeley. I recently moved from my house near Lake Tahoe to come to school here. I grew up in a haunted house with my room being the "hotspot" of the house. Now I am here and having a similar problem. There is one particular building on this campus called Mulford Hall. I am very sensitive to the supernatural and can often sense the presence of an entity when no one else knows there's anything wrong. I walked into this building the first day of classes and the hair stood up on the back of my neck and I felt an overwhelming sense of fear that was very strong.

At home the spirits are very gentle and I have grown to like having them around. But this was completely opposite. I have never felt so afraid in my life. There was no reason for me to be afraid of this particular building. It is smaller and not as intimidating as the others on campus, so I don't believe that this is what I felt. No one else seems to notice anything wrong, but I can't walk in this building without the hair on my neck standing on end and becoming very afraid.

Don't get me wrong, the building creeps others out, but not many. Or they just won't admit it. I can't avoid being in this building and I would like to know how I can go about proving to others that what I feel is very real. No one seems to know what could possibly be causing my fears and I haven't been able to find any information that could explain it, such as a murder or accident. As I said before, I can't avoid this building due to the fact I have class there. I would like to know what is going on before it drives me insane. I am genuinely afraid of this place especially the stairwell.



**Letters
To
The
Editor**

I have a log cabin back of the house, that has ghosts. This paranormal activity has been going on for well over a year. I do not live in it. I do have a guest that stays there for part of the time.

I am not bothered by this, now. I had a cleansing last November of 1998. It calmed things down some. I had to have another one done in December. That worked. Then the activity started back again. I discovered that it was a new set of ghosts. Does this cabin have some type of vortex?

I have experienced these ghosts myself. My guest has experienced them more. They are still active. The movement of objects. The lights in the cabin have acted up. One ghost showing itself and speaking (not to me).

I don't understand why new ghosts came in the cabin. I'm not sure I understand the vortex situation. I did live in this cabin in the early 1980s. I did not notice any paranormal activity. I know the history of the land back 100 years. The cabin was built in 1936 as a summer home. I have talked with the man who built it, and he did not experience any activity. There were no visible signs of any graves or stones to suggest that there was a cemetery. I was wondering what your feedback on this.

It is my understanding, that there are around twenty spirits in the cabin, with about

six of them being of an evil nature. What advice could you recommend?

J.L. of Forest City, North Carolina.

I would contact a reputable psychic or ghost researcher in your area and avoid these so-called "house cleansings". Perhaps these spirits are only attracted to certain personality types and not to you.

Since being a small boy I have been interested in the paranormal and supernatural; I'm not sure what the catalyst must have been but this obsession has followed me into my adult life as a writer, actor and researcher. While I don't consider myself to be "flaky" as many of the amateur "ghosthunters" might be (teenage girls with Ouija boards who use coincidence or accidents to explain why the board fell off of the table) I am still mystified with the thought of the unexplainable. I don't have any formal training in parapsychology (it isn't offered at any of the universities I have attended) but I have done a great deal of research on my own.

My main question for you, being an educated expert, from me, a flake I would suppose, would be: How does one with minimal knowledge of chemistry, physics, geology, and psychology (although that is one of my better topics) enter into the professional field of parapsychology as, at the very least, an assistant or journeyman? The field is something that I have a passion for and one that my wife (a flake with a Ouija board) supports me fully on. Any information I could be given would be eternally appreciated (well, I hope not eternally but at least until my own demise).

Ron Blair

The best place to start investigating this field would be to join a club or organization that devotes time into the study, research and investigation of ghosts, hauntings and poltergeist phenomena. There are many great organizations located around the world. This is one sure way to "get your feet wet" in the field. Other ways would be to attend various classes, workshops or out-of-state colleges and universities that might offer additional study of the field.

I really enjoyed your information on ghosts of Chicago and incredible photos. I would like to receive information...if you have any.... of researchers like you in the Atlanta, Georgia area. This is a cemetery here that just might have more spirits than Bachelors Cemetery in Chicago....would like to show some researchers and see what they think. I have also been to Lookout Point in Maryland and felt an overwhelming sense of despair and sadness...before I got there... It was a northern POW camp during the Civil Ware and also known to be haunted.

John Stevenson of Toccoa, GA.

Yes, we have a State Coordinator in the person of Todd Womack and I'm sure he would be very interested in meeting with you. I'll send you the necessary forms for becoming a member.

Hi there. My name is Kathy G. Black and I would like to join. Is there a representative where I live (St. Louis, MO.)? I want to get in on investigations and research but do you have a research team or

something like that where I live? I would appreciate any information that you can give me. Thank you for your time.

David Goodwin is the official GRS State Coordinator of Missouri and lives in Florissant. I have forwarded the information on to him.

I am enjoying the visit to the website. I love ghost stories and paranormal investigations. Probably, I'm just a little too prone to believing things are unexplainable but I wanted to relay two stories.

First, everytime we visit my husband's family homeplace in southwestern Virginia, near Abingdon, my husband goes back to his mother's homeplace to take pictures. We're never certain whether it will be standing the next time we visit, so he always takes along his camera. I should explain that he is a photographer for the Free Lance-Star so he knows his stuff. Still, everytime we go, his camera jams when he tries to photograph the same window in the house. It's always the same window, even when it isn't the same camera. The cheaper the camera, the longer the jam, the nicer, the shorter.

Then there are the pictures he took of my little sister's adopted daughter's baptism in Florida two days after the death of my grandmother with the light smeared across the one image he managed to get of the baptism itself.

Strange how reality sometimes throws science a curve. Thanks for listening, or rather reading.

Karen

I am emailing to you from

Washington, NC. which is situated on the Pamlico River in northeastern North Carolina. As you may know, the Pamlico River & Sound was an area which Blackbeard the pirate frequented. Ten miles east from here is Bath, NC. one of the state's oldest towns. It is said that Blackbeard's girlfriend (one of them anyway) lived in Bath.

Approximately, two years ago a resident of Bath was standing on her pier on the Pamlico River very late in the afternoon. She had her camera with her and was trying to take a few photos of a beautiful sunset on the Pamlico River. One of her exposures has a very strange shape of an old 3-masted ship which seems shrouded in fog. The rest of the photo is clear.

Several copies of this photo have been made and circulated around town including the *Washington Daily News* which did an article on this mystery.

Coincidentally, in 1997, Blackbeard's ship, "The Queen Anne's Revenge" was discovered at the mouth of Bogue inlet which is near Beaufort, NC., another of Blackbeard's hangouts. A large bell and cannon were removed from the wreck which is approximately 20 feet under water and well preserved due to the shifting sands of the Outer Banks. Blackbeard himself was decapitated by Lt. Commander Robert Maynard at Ocracoke on the Pamlico Sound.

Anyway, I would be interested in your analysis of this photo. It has always been a part of local folklore that Blackbeard still haunts these parts and that there is still a large amount of his undiscovered treasure buried here. When the aforementioned photo appeared in the local newspaper, a lot of people were startled by it.

Mike Sloan of Washington, North Carolina.

I'm going to be doing a story for my website soon about ghosts in Vancouver, BC Canada; more specifically, I want to spend a day exploring some of the more notable places in Vancouver where ghosts have been sighted. I was wondering if anybody there knows of any specific locations where sightings have been made, and what the stories are connected to those sightings?

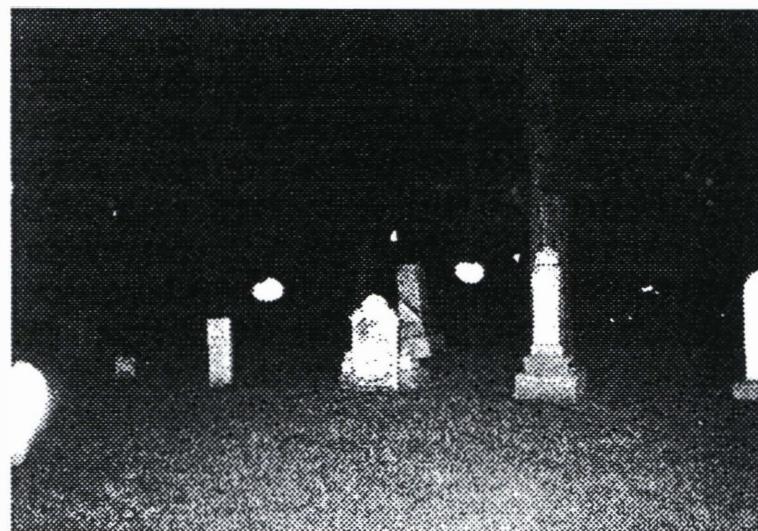
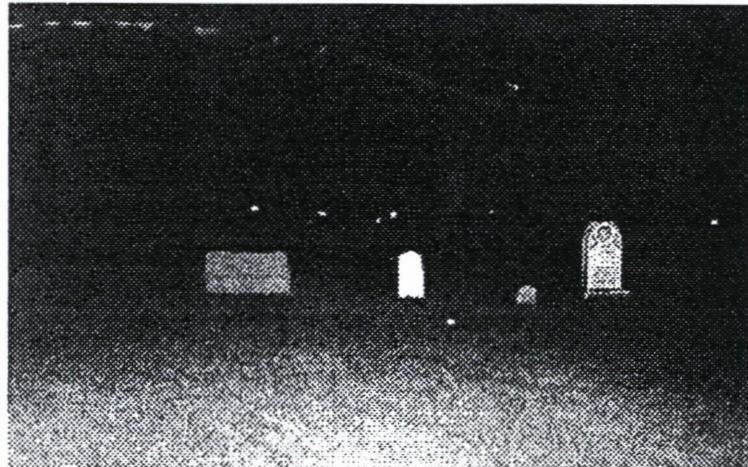
Sharolyn Wiebe
sjwiebe@home.com

Please send some details of recent sightings of ghosts in northeast England to: Kathryn Ripley, 25 Hurworth Hunt, Newton Aycliffe, Co Durham, DL5 7LJ, England.

My name is Mary. I live in Lakeville, Minnesota where I'm a divorcee raising 2 children in a single family household. I am writing you today because I feel I have some kind of connection and a great deal of interest with paranormal phenomena. As a child I grew up believing the house I lived in was somewhat haunted. My sisters in which I have 3 still remember the clanging dishes, and giggly noises that evolved in the kitchen shortly after midnight. Since that time and all through my teenage years to adulthood these experiences had challenged my psychic abilities time and time again.

I have had many exciting & scary experiences all of which I would like to share sometimes, which only convinces me even more that I have this inner need to pursue my interest and strong ambitions. I would like to become a team member in the chase & research but I don't know to get involved. Please help!

Spirit Photography Page



These two pictures were taken by John Cachel, Patron member of the GRS, at a recent Field Excursion of Mt. Thabor Cemetery on Saturday, June 5, 1999. The top photograph shows a orangish streak flowing across the top of the picture from left to right while the bottom picture shows several large, disfigured orbs floating around various tombstones. Neither image was seen with the naked eye.

Book Reviews

Ghosts Of Millikin by Troy Taylor
(Whitechapel Productions, 888-GHOSTLY,
www.prairieghosts.com, 100 pages,
softbound, \$9.95, 1996, ISBN: 0-9651497-
2-2)

An excellent book going back to the early history of Millikin University with, of course, the emphasis on ghosts. Great pictures, many of them quite rare, I would assume by the looks of them!

I had the chance to visit some of the places at Millikin with Troy during my first visit to Decatur. I found the place to be simply amazing!

Troy, as usual, as done his homework on this book with the first part simply devoted to the actual ground on which the university was eventually built, to the first owners and Mr. Millikin himself who was so instrumental in getting this university off the ground.

An amazing work and surely one not to be missed! Rated an 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

The Ghosts of Nantucket: 23 True Accounts by Blue Balliett (Down East Books, Camden, ME. 04843, 1984, 118 pages, softbound, \$9.95, ISBN: 0-89272-191-X)

This book contains 23 ghost stories from the Nantucket Island which has a permanent population of only 7,400 people. Just twenty-two miles of the south shore of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, this little island is replete with spirits and phantoms.

Mrs. Balliett does an excellent job retelling these encounters, many that were told by simple, ordinary people. There are some sites, however, that can be visited by the general public, but, for the most part, they are privately-owned homes.

Illustrations are tastefully done by George Murphy and, while there are no actual pictures or addresses given, it's still a good book to curl up with. Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Close Behind Thee by Frank Ward
(Whitechapel Productions, 888-GHOSTLY,
www.prairieghosts.com, 1998, 200 pages,
softbound, ISBN: 0-9651497-7-3)

Written by Frank Ward who is a parapsychologist and a noted expert in the field of ghost research. This book goes into many of the cases personally investigated by Mr. Ward during his active investigating days.

I found the book to be a fascinating account of the case to case study of a master in the field. Printed by Whitechapel Productions and Troy Taylor, the book is divided into different geographic sections. The first being Georgia haunts, Arizona & Texas haunts, Missouri Hill country haunts, Fort Riley Kansas haunts and, last but not least, Central Illinois haunts.

All of the places mentioned in the book can be found by the adventurous ghost researcher. Some of the places mentioned in Illinois have been written about previously in Mr. Taylor's books, however Ward puts

them into a different perspective....through his eyes during his active research of each area.

You surely don't want to pass this one up! Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunted Highway: The Spirits of Route 66 by Ellen Robson and Diane Halicki (Golden West Publishers, 4113 N. Longview Ave., Phoenix, AZ. 85014, 602-265-4392, 1999, 191 pages, softbound, \$12.95, ISBN: 1-885590-43-1)

What a unique idea for a ghost book! A ghostly guide to the spirits that haunt on and along the mother-road, "Route 66"! The road that connects Chicago to Santa Monica, California isn't as widely used as it once was but that doesn't stop the phantoms from staking their claim to bits and pieces of it.

Chapters are listed by states beginning in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and, finally, southern California. 66 ghost stories in all, how appropriate!

I found the book easy to read, well illustrated with plenty of photographs and, best of all, addresses, phone numbers, hours of operation and even directions to the place in question. What more could one ask for?

A top-notch book co-authored by Ellen Robson (member of GRS) and Diane Halicki. Available at good book stores everywhere. Be sure to get your copy soon! Rated a 9 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Ghost Stalkers Guide to Haunted California by Richard Senate (Charon Press, Ventura, CA., 805-643-3969,

ghostlamp@msn.com, 1998, softbound, 176 pages, \$11.95, ISBN: 0-9640065-5-3)

A great book by my friend, writer for *Ghost Trackers Newsletter* and special consultant for the GRS, Richard Senate. Mr. Senate has compiled what is probably the biggest collection of ghost stories from California that I have ever seen! California probably has more ghosts than any other state and Mr. Senate has most, if not all of them, listed here in one book.

Some may be familiar and have been talked about in other books by different authors while a great number of them are new and different and were unknown to me and I'm sure they will be to the average reader as well. Even some of the more well-known locations have new twists to them because they were personally investigated and researched by Mr. and Debbie Senate, who is quite psychic herself.

I'm sure the reader will find much new material and will not be disappointed in the content. I found the book to be highly entertaining and quite interesting. Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Hoosier Hauntings by K.T. MacRorie (Thunder Bay Press, 1997, softbound, 158 pages, \$12.95, ISBN: 1-882376-37-4)

Another in the *Tales of the Supernatural* series of books published by Thunder Bay Press. This one is specific on Indiana ghost stories.

Chapters include definitions of a ghost, haunted bridges & overpasses, haunted cemeteries & unusual graves, figures of death & harbingers of doom, humorous haunts, mysterious lights & glowing orbs,

ghosts in & around the workplace, tales from & about the Natives, mysterious animals & unexplained beasts, the Culbertson Mansion State Historic Site, spirits & spooks too unique to classify and a tidbits and teasers section.

Illustrated with some photographs the book lists locations all around the Hoosier state giving some exact locations, or, at least, street intersections where the avid ghost hunter might find these spots on him/her own.

I enjoyed the book as it's close to home for me and quite easy to explore these places within a weekend. Buy this one. Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunted Happenings by Robert Ellis Cahill
(Old Saltbox Publishing House, Inc., 40 Felt St., Salem, MA. 01970, 1992, softbound, 104 pages, \$6.50, ISBN: 0-9626162-3-0)

A small but interesting book, well-illustrated with small black and white infrared shots. It mostly features the exploits of Mr. Cahill and Brian the monk who took all the infrared shots while they were investigating the sites for this book. Some of the pictures are quite intriguing and deserve a better look.

I found the book to be quite easy to read and full of information regarding the locations which are, for the most part, public locations. Mr. Cahill, up until recently, was the current sheriff of Salem.

Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

The Haunted Reality by Sharon A. Gill and Dave R. Oester (StarWest Images, PO Box

976, St. Helens, OR. 97051, 1996,
www.ghostweb.com, 224 pages, softbound,
\$13.95, ISBN: 0-9654405-0-8)

This nice-designed book comes from the same people who run the website listed above and now have thousands of similar photographs posted there. I first met Oester and Gill at the first ghost conference held in Decatur, Illinois and had a chance, first-hand, to hear his lectures and theories.

These are included in their book along with a host of other ghost stories and encounters both by others and by the authors themselves. They investigate sites with the use of specialized equipment and digital photography and some of their more interesting photographs are also within the pages of this book.

A good book as it gives the reader an insight into how researchers conduct investigations and might give you some new ideas to try on your own. Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Where The Dead Walk: The Haunted History of Greenwood Cemetery by Troy Taylor (Whitechapel Productions, 888-GHOSTLY, www.prairieghosts.com, 1997, softbound, 158 pages, \$12.95, ISBN: 0-9651497-3-0)

Another truly remarkable book detailing the history, both haunted and otherwise, of Greenwood Cemetery in Decatur, Illinois. I've been there many times, sometimes at night, and will reassure the reader that it is surely one of the spookiest places I've ever visited.

Troy's tireless research and striving for accuracy is evident in this work and, as

with others, doesn't come up short. It actually bombards the senses with visual images and takes you by the hand as you visit the area through words on a page and photographs.

I didn't think it was imaginable for a book entirely written on just one area to hold my interest but I guess I was wrong. It not only held my interest but kept attaching itself to my hand when I attempted to put the book down.

A superior effort and a book that should grace your bookshelf. Rated a 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Battlefield Ghosts by B. Keith Toney
(Rockbridge Publishing Company,
distributed by Howell Press, Inc., 1147 River
Road, Suite 2, Charlottesville, VA. 22901,
800-868-4512, 1997, softbound, 114 pages,
\$12.00, ISBN: 1-883522-17-x)

A great book devoted to one of my favorite haunted places....Civil War Battlefields! I don't seem to get enough in reading about our bloodiest conflict and the connection with spirits. Toney weaves tales at such locations as: Antietam, Gettysburg, Winchester, Brandywine, Kernstown, Monmouth, Vicksburg, Fort Stedman, Port Hudson, Kings Mountain, Bentonville, Kennesaw Mountain, Fort Pulaski and others.

At the end of each story, addresses and phone numbers are given for the reader to contact for hours of operation or in making plans to visit the sites. The only shortcoming is the total lack of photographs which I think is always a plus. While the imagination can be a thing of beauty, it's always nicer to see what is being discussed in

photographs.

Some new stories never before told are included and some sites which I was unaware were haunted are discussed. Still quite a serious and interesting work.

Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Editor:

If you've read a good book lately and would like to review it for a future edition of Ghost Trackers Newsletter please include the title, author, publisher information (phone & website if applicable), format of book (hardcover, paperback, softbound), number of pages, year, price and ISBN number.

It might be a good idea to first request a list of books that have already been reviewed in previous editions of Ghost Trackers Newsletter. Please request the "Books Reviewed" file first either through the mail or, even quicker, through email. This list will give you all the books that have been reviewed in the past to avoid duplicating reviews.

Or, if you are a author and wish to have your book reviewed and advertised in this publication, simply send a copy of the book (autographed preferred) in care of this publication and it will be reviewed just as soon as I'm able to read it.

classified

Weird New Jersey is published two times a year in May and October by Weird NJ Inc., and can be found at various locations throughout New Jersey. It can also be ordered by contacting: Weird NJ, PO Box 1346, Bloomfield, NJ. 07003 or online at: www.weirdnj.com.

A fascinating publication devoted to weird, obscure, ghostly and just strange items in and around New Jersey. Don't miss it!

CATALYST is the New Age Directory Limited Edition of the most extensive resource of New Age/Metaphysical networking newsletters, publications, book reports and unique products from the U.S. and overseas. \$7.95 plus \$2.00 postage/handling to: PO Box 670088, Marietta, GA. 30066.

STRANGE MAGAZINE. Finally! A credible magazine that explores unexplained phenomena. In-depth investigations and weird world news are presented twice yearly in a level-headed, open-minded and entertaining style. *Film Threats* calls *Strange*, "the hottest and weirdest magazine in the solar system." Four issue subscription \$19.75 US; \$14.95 UK; \$24.95 Foreign. Send to: Strange Magazine, PO Box 2246, Rockville, MD. 28047.

ANNUAL GRS BOOK SALE!!!

Paperbacks starting as low as \$1, hardcovers \$3 and up. Back issues of many out-of-print paranormal publications, Ghost Trackers Newsletters, ghost-related fiction paperbacks, entire UFO collection, audio and video tapes and many rare titles with some back issues of the discontinued *Witchcraft and Paganism, Astrology, UFOlogy* and *The*

Chicagoland and Northwest Indiana Psychic Directories are still available. Write for a back list or email your requests to: dkaczmarek@ghostresearch.org.



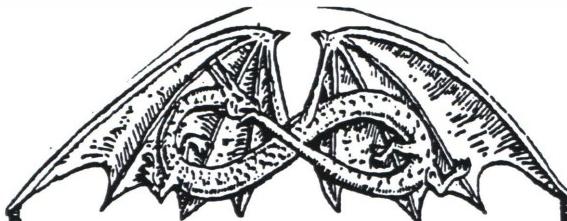
GRS CAPS: White baseball caps with black embroidered Ghost Research Society. One size fits all! Show everyone the

organization you belong to with pride. Cost is \$15.00 plus \$1.50 shipping/handling.

GRS and Excursions Into The Unknown T-shirts & Sweatshirts. White T-shirts or sweatshirts with either Ghost Research Society or Excursions Into The Unknown logos on front. Specify S, M, L or XL. 100% pre-shrunk cotton.

NEW REDUCED PRICE!!

T-shirts \$12.00/sweatshirts \$15.00 plus \$3.50 priority shipping. Some larger sizes are available by special request only. Allow 2-4 weeks for all orders please!



THE GATE is your entrance into the world of the paranormal. Each issue contains intriguing factual articles and an assortment of scientific and occult related newsclippings from around the world. A sample copy of **THE GATE** can be obtained by mailing \$2.00 to: P.O. Box 43516, Richmond Heights, Ohio 44143.

1999 AMERICAN GHOST SOCIETY NATIONAL CONFERENCE - JULY 23-25

At the Haunted Hotel Stratford in Alton, Illinois
HOSTED BY TROY & AMY TAYLOR OF THE AMERICAN GHOST SOCIETY

The 1999 American Ghost Society National Conference will be held in historically haunted Alton, Illinois from July 23-25, 1999. This special, annual event will feature a number of nationally and regionally known speakers on ghosts, hauntings and the unexplained; workshops and seminars on ghosts and ghost hunting; sessions and presentations on ghost hunting equipment and devices; advice and information about ghost photography and investigations; tours of haunted places; discussions and question and answer periods; slide presentations on ghosts and strange photos; and much more!

This is our Third year for this great event and the First Conference held in the Alton / St. Louis / Riverbend Area.... You don't dare miss it!

The National Conference provides attendees with the chance to gain information about ghosts, hauntings and strange phenomena they won't find anywhere else; meet other ghost enthusiasts from around the country; and even escape for one weekend from the boredom of everyday life... don't miss this event!

FEATURING THESE NATIONALLY & REGIONALLY KNOWN SPEAKERS!

DENNIS WILLIAM HAUCK: Author of "Haunted Places: The National Directory", paranormal investigator and authority on ghosts and strange phenomena

LOREN COLEMAN: Author of "Mysterious America" and "Field Guide to Bigfoot". Fortean researcher and respected cryptozoologist

DALE KACZMAREK: Author & Editor of the "Ghost Tracker's Newsletter", President of the "Ghost Research Society" and experienced investigator of the supernatural

MARK MARIMEN: Author of "Haunted Indiana" and "School Spirits"

STEPHEN WALKER: Author of "Lemp: The Haunting History" and historical authority on the famous Lemp Mansion in St. Louis ... One of America's "Ten Most Haunted Houses"

DEL R. MULROY: Founder of "Psi-Walkers, Inc.", Former participant in the government's "Stargate" operation and authority on Paranormal Photography

TROY TAYLOR: Author of "Haunted Illinois" & "The Ghost Hunter's Handbook" and President of the American Ghost Society

The Conference begins on Friday Evening and runs through Sunday afternoon. This will be a once-in-a-lifetime event and promises to be much bigger than last year's highly successful weekend! We also guarantee that it will be like no other conference you have attended before!

1-888-GHOSTLY

CONFERENCE PRICE: \$50 PER PERSON UNTIL JUNE 23

PRICE FROM JUNE 24 UNTIL CONFERENCE.... \$65

Don't Wait to Register.... Limited Seating is Available!